VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PASSAGES

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

"WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?"

VOLUME IV.

——"Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in motlie habittes, and marke "howe fantaftlcallie poore mortals will arraie themfelves!"

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BROWN,

FOR J. RIDGWAY, PICCADILLY, FACING BOND-STREET.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

45.
1. 16.
593.

IRELAND *versus* SHAKSPEARE!!!

By the COURT.

IT having been specially moved by our Clerk in Court, on behalf of the Editor of the MORNING HERALD, for leave to file further evidence in the above Cause, we have conceded to said Motion, and have thereon directed, that judgment in said Cause should be staid and suspended, until it be ruled to the contrary.

(Signed) POLONIUS

Die Mercurii,
6° *Julii,* 1807.

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PASSAGES.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE SEVENTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCC.—Bishop of W—rc—st—r.

"On *Severne*'s hallowed bankes, this mitred Seare,
"In holie quietude is found, courtinge
"No knowledge of mankinde, save that he drawes
"Purelie from sacred, or from classique lore.
"Here he himself hath seal'd that peace above,
"To which poore wayward mortals he invites
"By the faire pattern of a well-spent lyfe.
"His castle frownes not on the front of man,
"Nor hostile wing, nor battlement, displaies;
"Firm, and secure in those goode workes alone,
"Which virtue, by her consecrating spelle
"Hathe drawn impenetrablie rounde him!"

Page 11.—Genuine.

CCCI.—Mrs. Paul B—ni—d.

—— " 'Twas Heaven's supreme decree,
" That womankinde should be created faire
" For the sweete gaze of manne's idolatrie!
" So writes my *travelle-making* Sire; and though
" A monie-hunting husbande thinks not thus,
" I'll not be cast a lillie in the shade,
" Palelie to wither, while my youth's in bloome!"

Page 66.—Genuine.

CCCII.—Hon. Mr. Ryd—r.*

——"As sidesman, Sir, to his puissante honour on "the gibbette-fringed heathe, I did endeavour, by much "imparlance, to preserve it, *Sans shotte*, and *blotte!*—Soon "as the *motion* was disposed of, I thought we might *divide* "the fielde; but the *Seconder* o' th' other side proposed, "that we should *report progressive* deedes, and pray for "leave to meet again;—on this I moved the *question previ-* "*oustie* arrang'd, and *sine die*, instantlie *adjourned!*"

Page 37.—Genuine.

* *Second to Mr.* Pitt.

CCCIII.—Miss W—lkes.

" I threwe not off my politique disguise,
" 'Till o'er a father's vary-sighted eyes
" The *Cappe of Libertie* was closelie drawn.
" Now may the worlde behold me as I am,
" And counte those frailties with a fond delight,
Which do besette a woman's pagan harte
' Whose idol is of *golde!*"——

Page 54.—*Not* Genuine.

SEVENTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCIV.—Mr. H—y Ad—ngt—n.

—— "Since I am reputed *Wit-cracker* to the *Prime* "Ruler o' the realm, he must right honourablie let me "pouch a little o' the State-kernel, else shall I make the "beardes of his Courtiers wagge, to the miserable tune of "mine own improvidence!"

Page 33.—Genuine.

CCCV.—Lady Harew—d.

—— "I tell thee, Girle, I will gadde me on in my "old woman's visitations, as I have been wont to do, "*sans* interruption by authoritie supreme: they shall no "more bind my feete than my tongue by their courtlie "commandments!—Prithee, what are the enchaffings of "the *royal bloode* to me, who can paie my visit of obeisance "to them all, without stirring the coales of discontent-"ment, to enfever either the one, or the other?"

Page 66.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCVI.—Duke of D—v—ns—re.

—— "If he hath heav'n's faire gifte of mortal speeche,
"Why doth he dumblie ape the creatur'd race,
"Who do an utterance to instincte give
"Which he to reason churlishlie denies?
"Possessing more of this worlde's garner'd stores
"Than might suffice an hundred worthie men,
"'Twould not detract from his puissante Grace
"Were this calme Duke (since he'll not speak himselfe),
"To call through gratitude their voices forthe,
"And this way laude his bountifulle Creator!"

Page 387.—Genuine.

CCCVII.—Countess of B—th.

" What can that superfluxe of wealth availe,
" Which the chill hand of mortal penurie
" Hath plac'd so miserablie safe, that ev'n
" One's own poore harte doth looke in vaine to find it?"

Page 17.—Genuine.

SEVENTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCVIII.—George Earl of G—ldf—d.

"'Tis he alone pre-eminentlie peeres,
"Who, by a minde unbroken, can sustaine
"The bodie's pressure of unceasing illes!—
"The very *Destinies* which hang around
"Erestern's fraile and perishable frame,
"Do seeme to mourne his dubitable state,
"Where worthe, suspended in a wayward worlde,
"Insurance of its faire deserts must seeke
"O'er a bedarken'd voide, 'mid realmes unknowne!"

Page 33.—Genuine.

CCCIX.—Lady M—z—ne.

——— "I remember me a *Prisonne-keeper's* daughter "at *Aleppo*, whom a haire-brained *Counte* did rescue from "her iron bondage; and yet, forgetful of her own deli- "verance, she did afterwards employ her matron-houres "in settinge silken springes, to catch you littel boyes, as "they do larkes on a furzeblowne common!"

Page 11.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCX.—Sir Charles Gr—y, K. B.

—— "He on the right flanke is a toughe remnant "of true British daring!—I remember him presse *Bel-* "*lona*'s flameing carre against the fierie coursers of the "sunne, under the varying signs of the zodiaque, and "keepe a soldier's pace with them:—but now, having "nought to wage against in foreign climes, he will occupie "himself, forsoothe, in a kind of *church-militantie*, and *pre-* "*dicate*, because he cannot fighte!—On his chrest, which "well adorns the frontlette of our isle, he dothe displaie "a lustrous starre, to which the *Militaire Magi* o' the "*Easte* do come, and most idolatrouslie worshippe!"

Page 86.—Genuine.

CCCXI.—Hon. Mrs. B—tl—r D——rs.

" What can a plenitude of wealthe availe
" The sillie creature, destinied to beare
" A loade of provender for others waste?
" That rueful morne, when *Birta*'s feverish palme
" (Obedient to inordinate desire)
" Did at the altarre sensuallie ope
" In fruitless speculation—then was loste
" The little remnant of that precious store
" Which woman charilie should treasure up!"

Page 104.—*Not* Genuine.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXII.—H. R. H. the PRINCE OF OR—GE.

"*Certes*, good-man *Dominique*, a Potentate dothe "slumber you more soundlie in his own nighte-cappe, "than under a crownette which he wears for other men's "repose:—nay, and doth batten more kindlie on his "dailie comforts, when he hathe bidden this worlde's state "a good nighte!"

PAGE 27.—GENUINE.

CCCXIII.—Countess of Y—m—te.

—— "Those merrilie begotten, they doe saie,
"By Nature's righte may merrilie begette.
"Where's the proscription on those baselie born,
"When any punie thing of lordlie race,
"With salving superfluxe of his high birthe
"Can take it off, by one weake, wanton noose,
"Wrought upon wedlocke's simple bande?—Thus far
"By chaunce thrust forward on the road to fame,
"Who knows, but lyke my prototype * of yore,
"I may to regalle splendoure soone ascend?"

Page 44.—*Not* Genuine.

* *Supposed to glance at the dignified favourite of a* Sovrain Prince, *in a former reign.*

CCCXIV.—Earl of G—ll—w—y.

——— "He is right-noblie gifted i' the saving arte, "knowing the weight of man, and beaste, onlie by the "scale averdupoise—Why he will selle you a faire-skin- "ned daughter, and a thick-hided *Galloway* runt, in one "lotte at so much per stone; and barlie throw his bless- "inge, as the offall, into the bargaine!"

Page 34.—Genuine.

CCCXV.—Late Marchioness of Ab———n.

" Meeklie as may befitte my subject sexe,
" I fain would now be heard in that defence
" Which frailtie hath to make. Indignant Lorde!
" When first you turn'd a gracious eye on me,
" I was the blest associate of your wyfe;
" And whether in our unitie of minde,
" By curse instinctivelie she did imparte
" A portion of that love, her rightful due—
" Or by what other meanes the deed were done,
" You best can tell. If, by untimelie fate,
" My harte to fruites forbidden did aspire,
" And afterwards might fancie, 'twas bereft
" Of joies, God's ordinance did sanction mine.
" How could the weaker vessell stand secure,
" If no protecting hande were then out-stretch'd
" To rescue it from violence?"

Page 77.—*Not* Genuine.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXVI.—Sir H. V. T. T—p—st.

—— " Come Ladde, now lead young *Pharos* forthe
" Rich in Arabian bloode!—and quicklie his,
" To give me trial of his winde, and speede!
" I have a goodlie sum of ducquattes on the race,
" With that darke, congregated bande of knaves,
" Who by their sable rites do baselie staine
" Old *Englande*'s verdant turfe! Next take you heede,
" That not a creature by two legges upborne
" With wizzard face, his resting place approach,
" Lest the right honeste powers of the brute
" By man's device be bruteallie subdued,
" And his harte sinke ere he can reach the goale!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

CCCXVII.—Lady L—d—n.

— "I thanke your *Grace*, for all your proffered love,
"But of the spreading honours of your house
"I am not meete to be partak'resse!—
"Your fretted roofe encircleth underneath
"So much of mortal's high, and daintie bloode,
"That 't would be arregance in simple me
"To place myself at such a fire side;
"Therefore by your goode leave, I will awaite
"'Till *Comforte* in her humbler caste, doth shew
"A little corner of her owne, where I
"May sette myselfe *connubiallie* downe!"

Page 78.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXVIII.—Rev. Arthur Y—ng.

—"Go to, slave! I have the lawe's deliverance, and "therefore defie the malice of those freeborne varlettes, "who did threaten me with durance vile for my letter "most pastorallie indited i' the State's defence.—Beshrewe "me, if I had become enamour'd of *Ægyptian* task-mas- "ters, and peradventure thought mankinde were primi- "tivelie ordain'd for bondage, what were that to any man "living, gentle or simple, mine own reverence alone ex- "cepted? Talke not to *me* of penalties of the *Lawe*, who "am ordained to promulgate condemnations by the can- "nons of the *Gospelle!*—Why, Sirrah! he that had the fe- "licitie of my begetting, is he not chiefe enregister of a "congregated body of mightie menne, who do fortunatelie "possesse more of this worlde's landes, than they have "wittes to tille?—Moreover, hathe he not ta'en the shal- "low-soiled understandings of some of those to *farme*, and "thus enabled them to let ther sapience lie in *fallowe?*— "If he then, being so great a *Scribe*, could not worke out "an onlie sonne's deliverance, though he were a *Pharisee*, "he would be passing strange indeed!"——

Page 44.—Genuine.

CCCXIX.—Lady Catherine H--m—lt—n.

——" Watch o'er the lovelie flowrette of yon vale,
" That ere its fibrous system could be form'd
" Loste the maternal stemme from whence it sprang!
" So charilie she puts her virginne beauties forthe,
" That they doe modestlie rebuke the wanton gaze
" Of those, who seeke sweete innocencie out
" To cherish not, but baselie to despoile it!"

Page 236.—Genuine.

SEVENTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXX.—Marquis of Ab——n.

" When I doe traffique next in this worlde's fleshe,
" I'll choose me out, to deck dull *Hymen*'s terme,
" A female offering not quite so faire.
" I've notic'd, Sir, beneath the purest veile,
" That where the woman's skinne be over-fine,
" At an ungenial quarter of the moone,
" Some cursed gad-flie strikes her to the quicke,
" And goades the maddening current of her bloode
" To deedes of desperation!—Oh 'tis then
" They tosse men up like animals in aire,
" For girles, and bachellors to laugh at!"

Page 88.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXI.—Mrs. H—pe.

——"What a marvellous revolution chucke!
"How condescending in the High, and Mighty *Duchesse*,
"to make great folkes, out of us such little bodies!—When
"I did thank her for the honour she hathe conferred upon
"us, she bade me be of goode cheere, and graciouslie
"whispered in mine eare, that she would supplie us with
"all courtlinesse, and good breedinge, if we would only
"find ducquattes, and lowlie demeanour?—Heaven blesse
"her *Grace*'s condescension!"

Page 43.—Genuine.

CCCXXII.—Col. H—rr—es.

——"That's one, who hath been more annoyed
"by the privie shaftes of misfortune, than the javelins of
"an armed hoste—yet hath he made proud heade against
"them, because his breaste was firmlie mailed round with
"honour!—I tell thee, Vortigern, the *soldier* will march
"more erectlie in this buffetting worlde, who hath first
"walked through it, as an upright manne!"

Page 101.—Genuine.

CCCXXIII.—Countess of Ant—m.

"So!—I have mourn'd in pennancie so longe
"For a departed Lorde, that I did feare
"His clay-cold ghoste, and therefore have betooke
"My frighted fancie to a living hope!
"And this was chronicled of maiden me!—
"Well, girle, I care not what these gossips prate,
"Or how in wedlocke they doe bind me up,
"So they bestowe my little harte but leave
"To seale its own true fealtie in love!"

Page 29.—Genuine.

EIGHTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXXIV.—Lord R—mn—y.

"He mette his Sov'rain i' the tented fielde
"Not cloth'd in wrathe, as *Barons* moved of yore
"To wreste from tyrannie a subject's rightes;
"But, with a people's fealtie array'd,
"To nerve their Prince against a rutheful foe!
"Oh! 'twas a greeteing worthie of the lande,
"On which the Goddes did looke approveing down,
"Makeing, with *Brittishe* Chiefes, a common cause!"

Page 45.—Genuine.

CCCXXV.—Hon. Miss F—x.

"With Doctors sagelie rob'd, she dothe dispute,
"And eloquentlie leade them all a daunce
"Through their own mystique schooles, untill they shake
"Their reverent eares, and marvelling, conclude
"Her sapience præternatural! In truthe,
"She will assaile you nothing but men's heades,
"Leaveing their sillie hartes to be subdued
"By babie-minded misses just in teenes!"

Page 18.—Genuine.

CCCXXVI.—Mr. C—rtn—y.

——— "This, Sirs, is one of those unprofitable wights "that will breake you jeste upon jeste, 'till they do for- "gette the humbler meanes of breakeing their own faste! "Yet is he a singular cracker of drie jokes, and plaies "right humorouslie with the shelles, until he hathe lost "the kernelles!—Had he been of the *Squirrel* race, they "would have banished him their woodland crafte, for so "improvident an use of his sharp-edged instruments!"

Page 76.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXVII.—Hon. Hiss Cr—ft—n.

"Why am I greeted lovelie, talle, and faire,
"To heare each rival sister grac'd the same?
"A purer tribute does that flow'rette knowe,
"Which singlie rises from a lowlie stemme!
"Less homage of men's eyes would me suffice,
"Were it all integrallie mine; but blisse,
"In fickle guise of subdivided love,
"Comes, like the prism's manie-coloured ray,
"To chill by fleeting o'er the maiden harte,
"And vanishes afar!"——

Page 99.—*Not* Genuine.

EIGHTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXXVIII.—MARQUIS OF D—GL—S.

——"Why, my merrie masters, do you enquire of *me* "the pedigree of that stocke, your rantipolle womenne "of qualitie throwe out at so tickellish a seasone? If "your Batavian Princes will suffer their Flanderkinne "concubines to leap into other men's paddockes, who "can adventure to enwarrant the produce to be of the "*bloode-royalle?*"

PAGE 167.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXXIX.—Madame R—c—mier.

———"She in her sable tresses wore
"Four shineing daggers, marvellouslie wroughte
"For mann's subduing! Each sparklinge pointe
"The blood-stained rubie gave; the fretted shaftes
"Were studded o'er with blazing jewelrie,
"Like *Nighte*'s bright canopie surmounting all,
"That slaves, which 'scaped the lighteninge of her eyes,
"Her minor constellations might enswaye!"

Page 44.—Genuine.

CCCXXX.—Lady Emily W—sl—y.

——" Passinge through our holie Cloystere, I found my
" hande so suddenlie entangled betweene the two palmes
" of the younge Friar *Lorenzo*, that I could not disengage
" it before he had breathed upon it a love-spelle from his
" glowing lippes. He swore by his *Alma Mater*, that the
" Destinies had pre-*ordained* we should be one fleshe!
" Then talked he so wildlie of olive branches round
" about our table, that, to save the manne's poore wittes,
" I gave him my trothe, on condition that his noble
" friendes would teach his *Reverence* to down upon his
" knees with a better grace!"

Page 194.—Genuine.

CCCXXXI.—Marquis C—nw—llis.

——— " Thirstlesse of bloode,
" His harte approv'd no victorie complete,
" Untille the woundes of those he had subdued
" Were oiled, and bound by *Charitie's* fair hande!'
" Alike in councille, and th' embattled field,
" Calmlie he moves.—Not prone to parlancie,
" His wordes are rare, but, like his sworde,
" Attempered firmlie to their pointe.—Since then
" The Soldier's clemencie, and Statesman's nerve,
" In him by blendid potencie have giv'n
" Assurance to the world of amitie,
" The fadelesse laurel, wreath'd with olive branche,
" Shall wave in triumph o'er his mural crowne!"

Page 365.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXXXII.—Lord V—ll—rs.

——"The Countesse, my Ladie-Mother, chucking "me by the chinne the other morne, did whisper in mine "ear, that if I was observant of her denotements, I might "begette a childe that would make a man of me for the "remainder of my daies! Moreover, she did subjoin, "that she would condescend, her illustrious selfe, to be-"come its nurse, and that with so politique an affection, "as soon to make of it—a babe of grace!"

Page 235.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXXIII.—Mrs. L—y—n.

——"Had I been a *Lyonesse* that had devoured the "laste cubbe of her litter, men could not stare upon me "with more holiday eyes where-ever I move, or keepe "themselves more circumspectlie without the pounce of "my ponderous pawe!"

Page 112.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXXIV.—Earl of B—rkl—y.

——"When the bloode dothe runne riotouslie through "noble veines, propelling to atchievements amorous, a "sapient headed man will not betrothe his honourable "selfe, but as he may be unyoked again after his owne "free-wille and pleasure! Matrimonie, Sirs, should be as "slight of weare as an holidaie bonnette that may be "doffed off at one's ease; and not as a foole's-cappe to "jarr the meade in perpetuitie by the jingling of its "bells!"——

Page 348.—Genuine.

CCCXXXV.—Lady L—c—n.

——"I knowe you bind the coarser willes of men
"To gainful purposes by wily artes;
"But no base politie can regulate
"The finer movements of a woman's soule!
"Oh! presse not her obedience by rude strength;
"For, though the weaker vessel, she will scorn
"Such hateful vassalage, and ever strive
"To break those sacrilegeous cordes in twaine
"Which warp affection from a guileless course
"That Nature pre-ordain'd!"——

Page 18.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXXXVI.—Lord P—g—t.

——— "It likes me well, to see
"The gallant Chieftaines of our envied isle
"Pressing beyond the current of their bloode
"To nobler fame!—That statelie youth who treades
"Yon furrowed landes, now sleepes not on his arme
"In bootlesse ease, but with unsullied steele
"To ploughshare turn'd, tilleth the grateful soil,
"So well it had defended!"———

Page 104.—Genuine.

CCCXXXVII.—Countess of B—th.

—" Stand bye! and let this fraile, and fretted frame
" Strive to disloade a pent-up minde within
" Of the rich ponderance that weighs it downe!
" Ah! what availes a superfluxe of wealthe,
" Placed by the chilling hand of penurie
" So safe, that ev'n one's own poore harte
" Doth seeke in vaine to finde it!"

Page 79.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXXVIII.—Mr. N—c—lls.

—— "Why trulie, Goodman *Loquardo*, the times are "miserablie out of jointe!—I do remember well the daies, "when the wordes of a wise manne were sought as preci- "ous jewelrie from far; but now are they most scoffinglie "sette at nought! Marry, should you aske it of me, how "they came so irreverentlie to expunge my powers poli- "tique from the forum, and the senate? *Certes*, I cannot "tell; so let it passe! and the mischiefe fall upon their "own heades. Nay, and it had not been for the weight "of my imparlancies, the State had before this been "lightlie overthrown by the windie machinations of the "jibe-mongers, who did assaile it!"

Page 36.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXXXIX.—Mrs. L—ml—y S—v—lle.

——"Here, *Limner*, take your stande!
"But in the giddie wiles of admiration,
"Loose not the powers of your mimique arte.
"Now, while her tresses wantonne in the aire,
"(As lothe a front divinelie arch'd to quitte
"In hopelesse search of exaltation)
"Trace a similitude of those faire formes
"We are to gaze upon in purer realmes.
"And then let white-zon'd modestie encircle all
"In one unrivall'd Grace!"

Page 28.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXL.—Mr. O—to.

——— " 'Twill sorelie greeve me, Sirs,
" To bidde that worthie foreigner farewelle!
" Who by true Christian politie hath staunch'd
" The worlde's long-bleeding woundes!
" But since vain Gaule demands her treasure backe,
" See that his barque in peaceful triumph saile,
" And by the pure breathed blessinges of our isle,
" Be calmlie wafted to the Gallique shore!"

Page 22.—Genuine.

CCCXLI.—Duchess of St. Alb—ns.

——"I would to Fortune, that her Grace, my Lorde's
"great grand-damme,* had caparizoned a nimbler steede,
"when, by her Sov'rain paramour's command, she did
"possesse, for amorous dowerie, as wide a space of this
"rich Isle, as in a faire daie's ride she could encircle:
"then might her descendant have boasted of more
"laundes, and beeves, and not been lefte the minor con-
"stellation in poore *Charles's Waine!*"

Page 49.—*Not* Genuine.

* Nell Gwynne.

CCCXLII.—Alderman H—v—y C—mbe.

———"Hark ye! brother Cittes, but not fellow "Citizens! I must be no more familiarlie entreated in "Common Halle, but saluted by you at greate distance, "as befittes a man of travelle. I have visited foreign "climes—and within the walles of *Paris* held imparlance "with HIM that makes Potentates tremble! Nay, he hath "condescended to speake to me upon merchandize, and "talked about *Malte*, and *Hoppes*, as though he had prime "samples of both in his owne illustrious pockette! More- "over, he spoke most courteouslie of my personal endow- "ments; saide that I was well favoured as the *Regicide* "*Brewer* of his Capital, and seemed in his presence to carrie "as goode a heade as could a pottle of my own browne "stoute. So look well, that on the score of these my new "acquirementes, I do receive some increase in your cor- "porate obeisance!"

Page 108.—Genuine.

CCCXLIII.—Dowager Lady D—cre.

———" Soone as the stilleste house
" The turrette clocke hath toulde, yon wickette opes,
" From whence in vestment darker than the Nighte,
" *Alvina* walkes her forth; and as the pathe
" Of Miserie is straight, she quicklie gaines
" The sacred Yewe that doth enshroude the tombe
" Of her departed Lorde. On this sad shrine
" Her widowed harte, still wedded, poureth out
" The never ebbing torrente of her woes!"

Page 88.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXLIV.—Sir John Eam—r.

"Well! Heaven's good blessings uphold me, since, in "admiration of my shineing partes, they do thrust such "weightie affaires right bodilie upon me. Moreover, "Sirs, they have elevated in our Citie's chief Mansion, a "bedde of state for the honourable delight of my Ladie "Spouse! I dream not their politique intending therein; "but per-chaunce they do expect that I should bequeathe "them, in return, some half-score of suckling Lordes "Mayor, as the hereditarie fruite of their bountie!"

Page 104.—Genuine.

CCCXLV.—Lady Georgiana C—v—d—sh.

"For mercie's sake, let not that faire Ladie smile with "such redundancie of grace, nor fatten so vaste a congre- "gation of dimples by incessant laughter, lest, in the su- "premacie of youthful fleshe, we may loose the bloode, "and breede, of lovelie *Devon!*"

Page 212.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXLVI.—Lord F—ley.

"——— "I did expect that these Nimrods of the "*Pichley* chace had been trained to nobler dareings!— "Mark how they stoppe at a vaulting leape, to calculate "whether the pleasures of this worlde, or the nexte, are "best worth seeking. These laddes might have rose in "their stirruppes, had they not been borne with the "neckes of green-girles, that require so much womanlie "caution to preserve them!"

Page 37.—Genuine.

CCCXLVII.—Mrs. W—lk—r.

——— "Aye! faithful *Albert*,
"Since fortune quittes our thresholde, few, alas!
"With pale adversitie will enter here.
"While our gay doores on golden hinges daunc'd,
"What swarmes of buzzing gadde-flies poured in
"On proude and glittering wings to revel through
"The celles with richest honie stored! Soone as
"A cloude came o'er, away these insects flewe
"Elsewhere to wanton in the gaudie sunne,
"That hasteilie produc'd them!"

Page 99.—*Not* Genuine.

EIGHTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXLVIII.—Lord Cr—v—n.

" To Princelie diadems I ne'er shall soare
" By flightes that tower'd my Ladie Mother up!
" In Honour's bright, and laudable career,
" I would adventure much. In everie clime,
" Where the proude service of my Sov'rain calls,
" On warring earth, or ever-raging seas,
" I will, at least, be found obedient!"

Page 184.—Genuine.

CCCXLIX.—Hon. Miss F—x.

—— "In good soothe, neighbour, but she is most "marvellouslie learned. Nay, 'twas but last Candlemass "that she did be-pose three of our gravest Doctors in all "*Padua* out of their own bookes in the black-letter!— "As she hath been so favoured with the gifte of tongues, "'tis pitie that her Ladieship doth not vouchsafe to give "the worlde some semblance of her honoured selfe, and "not burie all her prattling powers in the profittlesse "grave of the dead languages!"

Page 74.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCL.—Sir Bland B—ro—ss.

—— "No sooner had our Lorde the Kinge dubbed "him a *Knighte*, than, in a frolicke-some moode, he did "bedubbe himselfe *Knighte-errant* to those jades, the *Muses*. "Since this, he hath encreased in consequential stature "so, that he hath out grown the cloathes that Nature, in "a botching kind of way, had cut out for him. And, if "you do not keepe this Sir Doggerel from inflating by "the windie recitation of his owne numbers, he will be "swoln until he *litterallie* burst!"

Page 191.—Genuine.

CCCLI.—Viscountess H—od.

" Aptlie to fashion forthe the female minde,
" Lett that well-modell'd excellence remaine,
" Which through a chearfull plenitude of yeares
" Hathe lent a social grace to all around.
" Full halfe a centenarie she hathe walk'd
" The even pathes of constancie, and truth.
" Oh! 'tis a pious sight, at life's calm ebbe,
" To view affection able thus to trim
" The slowlie-waneing lampe of wedded love!"

Page 48.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLII.—Earl of C—rl—sle.

—— "I marvelle much *Malverto*, had his honour's "Muse been of ignoble birthe, whether she would not "have limp'd it on one legge through lyfe, like a scurvie "minstrelle: but being caparisoned in gilded trappinges, "the jade now prances with a loftie chreste, although "she hathe not a single foote that's sounde to stande "upon!"

Page 183.—Genuine.

CCCLIII.—Duchess of D—rs—r.

——— "I did not lay
"My ducalle crownette 'neath his rising feete
"To be abas'd: but since the giddie Courte
"Of wanton *France* his presence dothe demand,
"I'll follow closelie with a lynx's eye,
"And from lascivious wiles protect him!
"If a cold *Russe*, with limbes enfurr'd, could lure
"His frame to amorous sympathie, may not
"The warme excitements of some *Circe* Gaul,
"By full expansion of her cloathlesse charmes,
"Propell his frenzied harte to madnesse?"

Page 44.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLIV.—Mr. C—b—e.

——"That, Sirs, is the dapper *Vintner* of East-"Cheape, whose animal spirittes are more friskie than his "own outlandish wines newlie bottled!—Admire we his "daintie grey *Barbarie*, which he got in barter of the "Duke of Tunis for some score skinnes of excellent Ca-"narie: Mark how he pads the pavement, doing dailie "service to the Capital in riding matches through the "streetes with the Prince's pennie-poste-boys, and be-"fittinge himself in due time to become Purveyor-Gene-"ral of the petty bagge!"

Page 5.—Genuine.

CCCLV.—Countess of Oxf—d.

——— " Nay, my good Lorde,
" You must not lay such trifles to a harte
" That owes entire allegiance to mine.
" What is to me the levitie of mien,
" Or loose-zon'd shape transparentlie display'd
" By that *Parisian* dame you call my friend,
" And you yourselfe so rapturouslie view;
" I have no passions to be this way stirr'd,
" No bloode that will in fev'rish current roll,
" In sympathie so void of sense; therefore,
" I praie you passe this tale of scandalle by!"

Page 74.—*Not* Genuine.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLVI.—Lord Ell—nb—gh.

——— " I praie you, Sirs,
" When at our barre of *Justice* you impleade,
" Debase not heaven's fair gifte of eloquence
" By wordes sophisticallie over-strain'd.
" —We've known the upright, plainlie-minded man,
" So warpt from rectitude by this misrule,
" This vile entanglement of simple sense,
" That Virtue's meede hath been adjudg'd to Vice,
" And *Decencie* hath fled our Courtes abash'd!
" But, since by Fate's decree I have been call'd
" The judgment seat of Justice here to fille,
" Her sacred fount right watchfullie I'll guarde;—
" Its course of puritie should downward flow;
" And shame be-light on him, that would design
" To sullie, or pervert it!"——

Page 189.—Genuine.

CCCLVII.—Lady Catharine L—ng.

"Some one of you, who do administer in matters of "Estate, I pray inform me, when may this same *Bourbon* "*House* to its own domestic comforts be restored? To "deale trulie with you, Sirs, I do stand in much neede "of the restoration of mine owne House, that it may be "well purged of some unseemlinesse, that with plain *Eng*-"*lish* manners doth but ill accord!"

Page 22.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLVIII.—EARL OF G—LF—D.

—— "Go to! I must incontinentlie have died with "*water* on my chest, had they detained my bodie corpo- "rate but another moone at their bathes of *Palermo!*— "Now hie thee, boy, to the sign of the *Goate with the* "*gilded hornes*, and search me out mine old friend the "*Knight of the merrie countenance*;—tell him, that I have "personallie imported some skinnes of dryed Canarie, "the flavours of which will hit his savorie palate well, "because he may drink of it to the amendment of his "own life, *scott-free!*"

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CCCLIX.—Lady Caroline Pr—ce.

"On light-foote tripping through the myrtle grove,
"I saw her first in floating veste array'd,
"Then 'twas with grace, and diffidence she touch'd
"*Apollo*'s lyre, and magically drewe
"The fascinated Loves, and Graces round."

Page 6.—Genuine.

EIGHTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLX.—EARL OF C—V—NT—Y.

——" Nay, my goode Lord *Abbotte*, if you do still hunt
" after my poor temporalities, let it be done with a little
" more spiritual charitie. Although the remnant of my
" life be scant, I pray you await its last threade as may
" become your own Right Reverence! Ev'n the currier
" doth forbear to flaye the hide from off the backs, until
" the animal be lifelesse. When on the bedde of sicknesse
" you have lain, and asked *renewal* of your ebbing life,
" think by the forbearance of your Godde it hath been
" given to you, and the tender mercies of him, whose
" holie Minister you are!"

PAGE 33.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCLXI.—Lady Georgiana G—rd—n.

——— "Come! dearest Ladie Mother, and let us "hence for *Padua*; for my harte is sick to learn, why the "love of *Alberto* so long doth linger! An I were myself "a man begirt with dirke, and doublette, no betrothed "one of mine should so unreasonablie await for bridal "salutation! Sithe, in obedience to your wille, I did be-"mourn the deadlie departure of a fancied lover, help "me now, I pray you, to enjoy the greeting of one, who "swore he onlie lives for me!"

Page 44.—Genuine.

CCCLXII.—Sir W. Sc—tt.

—— " He rose not to the ermin'd seate he fills
" Ungracefullie, as some vaine Chiefes have done,
" Through syllogysmes dexterouslie rang'd,
" Against the peaceful judgement of mankinde,
" To wage eternal warre! He did ascend
" By nobler steppes to his pre-eminence.
" The lore that truth's own eloquence bestow'd,
" He hoarded not by any sordid crafte,
" But did, with wide benevolence, diffuse,
" To guard the sacred rights of lowlinesse
" From the absorbing power of man's ambition.
" Who then more fitte, betwixt our *Churche* and *State*,
" To holde remittlesse equipoize?"

Page 204.—Genuine.

CCCLXIII.—Mrs. M——re.

"Why with a fatal 'wicherie of charmes
"Did Nature so invest me, as to drawe
"By the wilde guidelesse course of destinie
"Man to his owne, and my undoing?
"What penitence may do to drie away
"The tears that have bedewed others' eyes,
"For treason 'gainst the honour of its Lorde,
"This breast, by ceaseless sorrow, shall atchieve,
"Leaving the truant harte that wanton'd there,
"To beat itself to apathie, and rest!"

Page 112.—Genuine.

NINETIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXIV.—Lord Whitw—th.

" Uxorious men do lesse of peril finde,
" From mute obedience to the female wille,
" Than in vaine striveings to obstruct its course!
" Whether these visittes to the Consul's *Dame*,
" In all the mockerie of Regalle state,
" Befitte the prudence of my *Duchesse* Wife,
" She best can say, who here should proxifie
" Th' Imperial virtues, that with spotlesse fame,
" So long have graced a female diademme.
" The rougher honours of our envied Isle
" Are to my watchful care consign'd; and these,
" Under the dauntlesse valour of her Sons,
" I'll sturdilie uphold!"

Page 58.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXV.—Miss Ad—m.

—"An I were *Nature*, and had so proudlie gifted you, "I should have look'd for a more grateful return at your "fair handes!—Come, come, my sweete Rowena, you "must unbend a little from this unprofitable severitie: "and though you should have coldlie sworn those cherrie-"coloured lippes to silence against me—bestow (as with-"out offence to maiden modestie you may) some mute "confession that my faithful love offends you not. Lend "to my suit one sense, if but an *ear*, or by the little hope "you've left me, I shall loose man's reasonable use of "every one of my poor seven!"

Page 99.—Genuine.

CCCLXVI.—Lord Glene—vide.

—— "Why, Sirs of *Caledonia*, do you marvelle at Don "*Avaro*'s shift of fortune, that hath transformed him into "a mightier *Man* of the *Woodes* from a petty *Laird* of a "barren mountain? Coming naked into a wide worlde, "with such an itch for selfe-prosperities, he would have "done thriftilie, even on the hill where London Citadelle "doth stand, though he had been constrained to *begge* for "a *baubee* standing upon one legge! Oh, Sirs, he pro-"phecied arightlie, when he said that the readiest roade "to every Paradise, save that of *fooles*, is by prayer and "supplication, where that which is denied you on the "score of charitie, you may extort by persecution."

Page 39.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXVII.—Lady Caroline St—wart.

" When to fam'd *Ev'sham*'s fair, and fertile vale,
" In envied bloome this lovelie plant's remov'd,
" Free from the noxious blights that now prevaile,
" Still be its native innocence retain'd!
" But you, to whom indulgentlie 'tis given
" So rare, and sweete a flowerette to save,
" Be mindful of your charge.—If shelter'd ill,
" The first proud rays of an ungenial sun
" Will burn it up; or flatt'rie's pois'nous breathe
" Infect it with disease, too dire and deep
" For all the rough, and wholesome windes of heav'n,
" Through keen adversitie, to drive away!"

Page 185.—Genuine.

NINETY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXVIII.—Mr. Dudley N—th.

—— "Pooh! old man—'tis never too late to dissolve "the icey bondage of an old *Bachelor*'s life! Why, my "own vane did continue to stande so long due *Northe*, "that women began to sweare by their chastitie 'twas a "burning shame! Since this, the wind of my better des- "tinie hath veered about to a more genial corner, and "now blowes me nuptial blessinges from the amorous "*Southe!*"

Page 88.—Genuine.

CCCLXIX.—Lady T—mple—wn.

"——— In soothe, she hath a roving eye
"O'erlooking beauties prominentlie faire,
"That do by witcherie decoy poore men
"To gaze with madd'ning extacie upon them!
"Anon, by quick, rebukeful glance, she calls
"Their wildlie scatter'd senses backe again,
"Obedientlie to virtue!"

Page 189.—Genuine.

CCCLXX.—Mr. T. Sh—d—n.

"How it was good man *Vardelt*, that he became so pre-
"ternaturallie gifted, he best can tell that made him;
"but *certes* he hath the animal worlde so aptlie at com-
"mand, that he will drawe you all things living within
"the magicale circle of his vision! Nay, our race mortal
"he so swayeth by his arte persuasive, that he will trans-
"form everie other man's enemie into his own friende!
"Marry, whether it be on earth, in air, or water, 'tis all
"alike to faculties like his; for he doth deport himselfe
"so gracefullie on either, that your wild-pated women of
"qualitie, so delighting in his sportivenesse, do pull
"cappes with each other, which of them shall ascende
"with him to the upper regions, for foretaste of blisse
"celestial!——"

Page 21.—Genuine.

CCCLXXI.—Lady C. H—m—lt—n.

—— "Nay, my good Lorde, and Sire!
"Why do you presse me to adventure thus
"Upon a voide so treacherouslie smoothe,
"Whose glassie surface might in scorn reflect,
"Whate'er mishap should lucklesslie ensue!
"O! 'tis enough, in crooked times like these,
"To keepe ones feete upon a slipp'rie worlde,
"In which poore headlesse women sometimes fall,
"Never to rise again! I praie you then,
"That I may shake these dang'rous sliders off,
"And rueful sorrowe thus avoid!"

Page 33.—*Not* Genuine.

NINETY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXXII.—ARCHB—P OF CANT—B—Y.

—" The goode Lorde *Abbotte*, ere our mattins closed,
" Resign'd his pious breathe this morn to heaven,
" Leaveing his poore remaines to be inurn'd,
" And canonized by us on earthe!—Here comes
" The *Pontiffe*, whom our Sov'rain's will declares
" His holie successor: Though noblie raced,
" Methinkes this high pre-eminence he beares
" As he would say, 'let me his foote-steps tread,
' Who by a meeke, and Christian charitie,
' Did make a Churchman's holie blessinge covetted.'—
" So may the Crosier grace his hallowed hande,
" And drawe his flocke in quietude around him!"

PAGE 478.—GENUINE.

CCCLXXIII.—Sir James St——g.

" —— I pray you, brother soldiers, tell me, by what " authoritie this same busie worlde would command a " gallant *Knighte*, one trained to armes, to impose upon " him the fulfillment of an obligation personalle? I have " traversed long enough in this same worlde, to be able " to know my owne wants and desires, and to regulate " my pursuits accordinglie.—When I am tired of a life of " single servitude, then may I, perhaps, enliste at the " drum-heade of *matrimonie* as an uxorious *Volunteere;* but, " Sirs! as I never could be goaded to felicitie by *forced* " *marches*, so will it be difficult to prick me into any ser- " vice by ballotte, or to enchain me even to the luxuries " of an *under*-petticoate, as a miserable *conscript*."

Page 572.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXIV.—Lady Catharine St—w—t.

——— " Heard'st thou that bugle horne
" Windinge its silverie summons through the aire?
" Well might it sweetlie sounde,—for, hark! agen
" How respiration through those lippes compresst
" Dothe breathe delighte!—Let's to the mountain's browe,
" Where faire *Rowena* points her glittering lance,
" Eager her plumed column there to form!"

Page 684.—Genuine.

NINETY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXXV.—Miss S—ym—r. (*Piccadilly.*)

"Now tell me, pray my Lorde,
"To whom with filial reverence I may bend,
"And humblie supplicate a father's blessinge!
"Strange and mysterious tales by stealthe I hear
"About my birthe, which have perplex'd my minde,
"And much disturb my youthful quietude!
"Oft on my flattering mirrore do I looke,
"And sometimes think a lineament I trace,
"From which some featured semblance may arise,
"To stampe me your's by more than cold adoption!
"But soone the fleetinge vision fades away,
"And cheques the fond aspiring of my harte!"

Page 518.—Genuine.

CCCLXXVI.—Sir Wm. P—lt—r.

"Time was, Sirs, when a Gentleman of condition might "have repaired an olde House, or taken to himselfe a "young Wyfe, without publique marvaille, or imparlance; "but in these presumptuous daies, no man can adventure "to caterre for his owne comfortes, without drawing a "nest of witte crackers about his eares! Nay, the puppies "will sometimes take your worke out of your handes, "and fancifullie begettinge your chaste spouse with "childe, make you father it for their owne lascivious "amusement! In gravitie, I tell you, Sirs, these thinges "are pushed beyond endurance!"

Page 487.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXVII.—Lady B—rd—tt.

"Oh! barre our gapeing doores against those men,
"Whose darken'd visages, and bloode-shotte eyes,
"Declare their dreadful conspirations!——
"Nay, my goode Lorde, upon my bended knees
"I do conjure, that you no longer cloude
"The gentle qualities, with which, in soothe,
"Nature hath prodigallie deckt your minde!
"Goode Heavens! how rudelie doth the outrage strike
"Upon the chasteful ear of decencie,
"When all that appertaines to your goode fame,
"Is in your presence impiouslie profan'd
"By tongues of wretches traitorouslie beleagu'd
"For your's, and for our Country's ruin!—
"Let me in tendernesse of love command
"You goe not with them forth this nighte!"

Page 483.—Genuine.

NINETY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXXVIII.—Sir Ch—s B—nb—y.

—— "An you match me that plaine-coated Knight "o'th' Shire, then will I shew unto the worlde a pair of "honest Senators worth their lookinge on! Why he "doth hide his right hande in his bosome I trow not; for "'tis a clean one, and there's no danger but that his "manlie harte will keepe in the right place, without "manual assistance!"

Page 564.—Genuine.

CCCLXXIX.—D—ss of St. A——n's.

——" No more heighos! good Blanche,
" But bring my new-bespangled vestments forthe,
" And let us gailie courte prosperitie!
"Feel but the busie pendulum, that beats
" So quicklie in this breaste! 'Twere pitie sure
" To still this kind admonitor of blisse,
" And weaklie sigh one's fondest hopes away.
" Beneath a bright, and mirthfulle planette born,
" The pleasures of the moment let be mine
" In all their wild varietie! and I
" Will never trespasse on their sober joyes
" Who seeke a luxurie in sadnesse!" ——

Page 378.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXX.—M—QUIS OF AR——N.

"I doe require, my Lordes, that since his worshippe is "come over, he be cited straitlie to appear before us, in "our full pontificalibus of *British* jurisprudence! What-"ever be my portion of human frailtie, I will abstain "from choler, if I may be permitted to catechize this "sage upon his owne expoundings. Let our Sister Isle be "taught by us to knowe, that our *suprema Lex*, which "hath the power to take an Asiatique Pard by the beard, "hath no fear of her little finger being snapped, by one "of their *bag'd* FOXES!"

PAGE 645.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCLXXXI.—Miss M. G. E. S—ym—r.

—— "They will not beare me from you,
"Now they doe know that you're my onlie mother!
"For I will closelie cling me to your knees,
"And with my teares be-pray them let me bide!
"They can but break my little harte by force,
"And surelie that would not delight their owne!
"Oh! 'twould be crueler than Deathe itselfe
"Which onlie took a goode I never knew;
"For should they strippe me of your tender love,
"They'd make Georgina motherlesse indeed!"

Page 498.—Genuine.

NINETY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXXXII.—Lord D—rsl—y.

——— "Strange! that the nuptial knotte
"Which our progenitors have doublie tied,
"Should be unloosed, not able to sustain
"Their first begotten!—Nay, this morn I've heard
"My brother vauntinglie doth tell the worlde
"That I am but * baptismallie a Lorde,
"While he by warmer courtesie of state
"Can paramountlie lorde it over me!
"But since from the same mould of passion cast
"I bear wild Nature's first impression—
"I'll yield no auncient honours of my house
"To any seconde brother's usurpation!"

Page 498.—Genuine.

* The eldest son was singularly given the Christian name of "*Lord D—rsl—y.*"

CCCLXXXIII.—Lady D—dl—y and W—rd.

——"I like your vocal musique reasonablie well, so it "be well-timed, and breathe not too colde an aire upon "the comfortes of a warm dinner:—nay, when the clothe "be drawn away, I can hear your '*non nobis*,' my Lorde, "with tolerable endurance, if it be accompanied in right "glee with goode harmonique glasses!"

Page 576.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXXIV.—Earl C——d.

"Go to! I tell thee he feedeth not within the purlieus "of the Courte, argal he cannot be dubbed the Kinge's "*Jester!* He may sometimes cracke small jokes within "the privie presence, to make his master smile, yet hath "he no patent royalle for the manufactorie of broad "grinnes!—Seest thou that double ell of watered tabbie "clinging so closelie to his noble shoulder? Marry, but "that is the silken reward of brave doings, such as your "swaggering *Knights-Errant of Salamanca* had never the "witte to dream of!"

Page 474.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXXV.—Lady Harriet C—v—nd—sh.

——— "Adown the mazie daunce
"See how enchantinglie she floates, making
"Her wanton gazers giddie with delighte!
"Such amorous time her playful feet do beate,
"That not a pulse which vibrates from man's harte
"But with them nimblie paces!"

Page 632.—Genuine.

NINETY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLXXXVI.—Lord Vis—t M—lv—le.

"Since the lawe of the realme hath provided me a "coate of mail, you may presse me to the torture, with- "out wringing from me such responses as I am not dis- "posed to bestowe. When I did lend my hande to enacte "a statute to restraine certain Lordes, and courtlie men "from picking and stealing from the granarie of the "publique, I looked not to be found at the Barne-doore "winnowing of its corne myself! Yet do I with contrite "shame remember me of one *Sir Olyver Spintext*, who, ill- "placing his ladder against the arm of a fructifying tree, "did saw it off, and thus brought himself to the ground "by his own handicrafte operations!"

Page 379.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXXVII.—Sir Beaumont H—th—m.

——— "So from man's judgment seat
"May everie sage in wisdome steppe him down,
"Ere in the pure, but palsied hand of Justice
"The ballance 'gins to tremble!—
"Let care be taken of his ermin'd robes,
"That future Judges of our Isle may see
"How spotlesse they've been worn!"

Page 548.—Genuine.

CCCLXXXVIII.—Mrs. Ly—n.

"I passed this morn a *Lybian Lyoness* in our forest, who, "by the sleeknesse of her skinne, and the rotunditie of "her form, seemed providentlie catered for, although she "was attended by no *provider*.—Oh! she was a comelie "creature, and wonderfullie well shaped to keep all "mortal travellers at awful distance!"

Page 486.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCLXXXIX.—Countess of M—ra.

——— "Yes, well I knew
"The rough, or silken bondage was for life,
"And therefore proudlie chose him from his peeres!
"—By manlie virtues more ennobled far
"Than all the lineal honours of his House,
"On whom could I so permanentlie place
"The fond assurance of my virgin faithe?"

Page 523.—Genuine.

NINETY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXC.—Mr. Ang—st—n.

"Madam, I doe thank your Highnesse for your coun-
"selle, although I could have dispensed with it most wil-
"linglie. True, you have a daughter of your owne; but
"she is guarded by the State against such actes of disobe-
"dience—mine hath espoused a *Russe* without consent or
"privitie of me! If he hath all the savage virtues of
"Siberia's clime, what then? I shall not thither to be-
"hold their lustre. I have been the creator of mine owne
"fortune, and therefore must be allowed to be the dis-
"penser of it after my own humour.—To say trulie, Ma-
"dam, my mind is so settled on this point, that I do be-
"seech your Highnesse I may be no more entreated!"

Page 456.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXCI.—Duchess of S—m—rs—t.

"Though prodigallie stored with worldlie charmes,
" She doth comporte herselfe with such a winning grace
" In this frail, flaunting age, that it doth looke
" As though in better daies, she had been left
" A model for her way-ward sexe, by which
" They might reshape themselves to virtuous seeming!"

Page 587.—Genuine.

CCCXCII.—Sir Harry P—yt—n.

"Heigh over, slack-ones!—forward!—hark forward! "for now we'll make our play, and leave yon blowing "Cocknies of the chace! May he who rides not this "high-scenting day, as the foxe lays out his brushe right "straight an end, be banished from our *Pichley* hunt; and "the man that regards his necke beyond his renowne, let "him ever after whip-in but to a *welter*'s packe!"

Page 463.—Genuine.

CCCXCIII.—Marchioness of S—ff—d.

——————" Well, my Lorde *Abbotte*,
" Since you must have our sex's restlesse soules
" Within your holie keepinge, shew them, praie,
" Some tenderness in Christian charitie!—
" Time was, when absolution did fore-run
" Our tongue's soliciting; but pennance now
" It seems, must ev'n out-step transgression!
" Yet since it be your ordinance divine,
" That no sweet sound upon a Sabbathe eve
" Shall harmonize a Christian dwelling, I'll
" Bend me to it with all the grace I can!"

Page 372.—Genuine.

NINETY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXCIV.—Sir Home P—ph—m.

"Helm hard a lee! good master!—and we shall wea-
"ther the rest of these d—d breakers under our bow!—
"the skie grows less dirtie, and the squawle abates:—
"give her another smart shake in the winde, and she'll
"right herselfe, I'll warrant you!—Though poore *Pha-*
"*roah*, and his hoste were swallowed up in this Red Sea,
"we'll scud safelie through it without an anchor left on
"board us!—There! steadie—my hearty, steadie!—now
"she lies her faire course for *Old Englande*—where we
"have onlie to buffet some foul windes, and cross cur-
"rents, under close reefed top-sailes,—and we gain our
"port at last!"

Page 369.—Genuine.

CCCXCV.—Mrs. P—nt—n (*ci-devant* Miss G-be—ns).

"Come, Sir! mount, and away! Since it hath pleased "Heaven to lay your old *roan Barbarie* under the turfe, "we'll freelie enjoy the sportes that are above it! I'll try "your bottom over the Beacon neck and neck, and, not-"withstanding you are aged, you shall be beaten dead "hollow by sheer bloode, although I carry weight for "inches!"

Page 486.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCXCVI.—Marquis of H—ntl—y.

——— " He beares a nearlie mortal wounde
" As dothe befitte the daring mind that sought it,
" Proud to devote an honourable life
" To death for Britain's glorie!—When he moves,
" See how the veteran doth gaze upon him,
" And with an overflowing eye declare,
" That by his gallant side one slaughtering daie
" He fought his way to victorie—and now
" Enjoies its enviable fruit, deriv'd
" So cheeringlie from his munificence!"——

Page 647.—Genuine.

CCCXCVII.—Miss B—ckf—d.

" Oh, Sir! If you're of true *Castillian* race,
" List not to cruel vowes which fathers make
" Against their children's peace! I praie you go,
" And in your own strange countrie, coldlie wed
" The hopeless maiden you have never woo'd;
" For my poore virgin harte is here betroth'd,
" And from it's bleedinge seat must first be torne,
" Ere it can swerve from its allegiance!"

Page 572.—Genuine.

NINETY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXCVIII.—MARCHIONESS OF B—K——M.

" Forthe from yon eloister'd doore see *Ella* comes
" Absolv'd of all the frailties of our fleshe,
" Fitted for instant transit to the skies,
" Or to renew the sublunarie joies
" Of this vain worlde, as Heaven may ordaine!
" — Sweete purifying *faith*, that can recloathe
" The mind in all its virgin innocence,
" And leave the harte to 'gin its daily workes
" Of dalliance anew!"——

PAGE 563.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXCIX.—Sir Home P—ph—m.

——— "Sirs, I would move
"In just respecte to our brave Countrymen,
"That in their absence we forbear to judge them!
"Still in arraie to meete an hostile race
"And front them bearde to bearde, oh! let us not
"Assail them serving in a foreign clyme
"By random shotte, lest we ourselves should prove
"A direr foe, by wounding their faire fame,
"Than those who but encounter 'gainst their lyfe.
"Victors or vanquish'd, let them home return
"Ere we by senatorial voice decree
"Our Countrie's meede of honour, or of blame!"

Page 44.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCC.—Duke of N—rf—k.

"It is said they doe intend to investe my bodie cor-
"porate with some elles more of ribband garter-blew,
"than be required for the encompassment of an ordinarie
"Courtier: marry and so they ought, for in their politi-
"calle warfare I have been most scurvilie entreated! Did
"they not wrest from me my pyke martial at the heade
"of mine own trained bande, and cashier me in the broad
"face of noon-tide day? Nay, an their power had been
"commensurate with their wille, they would unmarshally
"have despoiled me of my truncheon to boote. And now
"would they weedle me into a forgetfulnesse of my
"wronges forsoothe! But little do they know of that
"bloode which they have enchaffed, or of my woundes,
"which are too deep for all their Courte-plaister to cover
"them."

Page 321.—Genuine.

CCCCI.—Hon. Mrs. Ed. T—yl—r.

——————— " Like it, *Marcella?*
" Oh! 'tis a little Heaven upon Earthe!
" For one whole weeke I've been a wedded wyfe,
" And by my wooing husbande, girl, am call'd
" His lovelie angelle still! If marriages
" Were all thus doublie sweete, I'm very sure
" The honied moone wou'd then for ever shine
" So bright both daie and night, and prove so warm,
" That the olde fashion'd sunne would soone be found
" An useless planette in the spheres of Love!"

Page 278.—Genuine.

HUNDREDTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCII.—Mr. B—sv—lle.

"These are no times, my busie masters, to waste in "dulle forbearance! Have they not *tinkered* our Constitu- "tion politique until more holes are hammered through "it, than the countrie has solder left to sear over—or "they have the workeman-like skille to mend? In the "abundant love I doe beare this isle, I did recommend to "them a nimble-fingered *tailor*, who, an they had let him "go *thorough stitche* with the worke, would soone have "given it a new bodie-lininge of *fustainne everlasting*;—but "they have entreated him with scorne, by refusing him a "cross-legged seate on the shoppe-boarde of the State, "lest he should witness how they doe cut the countrie's "clothe against the graine to satisfie their own abomina- "ble hunger after *cabbage!*"

Page 100.—Genuine.

CCCCIII.—Mrs. B—rn—y.

——"Did I not tell thee, my little Coz, that we should "hacke the spurres from off the heeles of our wou'd-be "*knights o' th' shire?*—and have we not triumphantlie at- "chieved it? And now, goode Yeomanrie of *Norfolke*, "mark that you abstaine from your hotte buttered *dump-* "*linges* until your suffrages be dulie enregistered; for not "a manne of you shall dare taste so much as would breake "the faste of a cocke-sparrowe, before we of the fairer "sexe are more decentlie entreated, or by the womman's "spirit that stirs within us, you shall pay as dearlie for it, "as in their utmost rigour, the lawes parliamentarie can "inflicte!"

Page 462.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCCIV.—Duke of B—dr—d.

" What dignitie from his fraile power can manne
" Derive, save where he tempers it aright
" With Christian clemencie?—What eye e'er sawe
" The Regent's sceptre in true lustre sway'd,
" If by one goutte of subject-bloode distain'd
" That wisdome might have spar'd?
" O! 'tis a god-like ministering to calme
" A frenzied nation into bonds of peace,
" Rather than goade them on to deedes of madnesse!
" A diadem sitts heavie on the browe,
" Unless 'tis ermin'd with a people's love."

Page 614.—Genuine.

HUNDRED AND FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCV.—Lord Chan. E—k—ne.

———"In soothe, that noblie-gifted *Scotte*
" Doth bravelie bear this worlde's prosperitie!
" There were amongst your Senators who thought
" That when the buoyant powers of his minde
" Had soar'd him to pre-eminence of state,
" He would grow giddie on the flatt'ring height,
" And loose the distant objects left belowe.
" Vaine all those feares! No tie of amitie
" Is rudelie broke, nor has he sacrific'd
" One social feelinge of his harte to pride.
" So wiselie plac'd on high, with potent sway
" To regulate the interests of mankinde,
" And shielde the weaker from the gripe of might,
" Safe in his custodie may be repos'd
" A Sov'raine's conscience with a people's rightes!"

Page 37.—Genuine.

CCCCVI.—Duke of R—ch—d.

——" Why should that blinde jade Fortune bejilt a man
" out of his natural comfortes, by loading him with ho-
" nours which he sought not for? Banish'd the *Smoaking*
" *Roome* o' the Commones by the power of mine own dig-
" nitie, it will be expected, I suppose, that I doe befitte
" myselfe for better companie:—So, boye, lay the *Trini-*
" *dada* sparinglie before me, and plye me not so plenti-
" fullie with stoopes of drie *Canarie*, that I may abridge
" myselfe of deep potations; for when a man is made
" perforce a *Duke* puissante, it would be unseemlie in him
" to become as ——— as an ordinarie *Lorde!*"

Page 212.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCCVII.—Lady Bl—ke.

" Here on this close-nipt heathe, a stout jack-hare
" We'll finde, that has not prodigal'd his strengthe
" Away by amorous freakes—Minde, boye, this brace
" You slippe aright, and see they do not hange
" Like an ill-coupled man and wyfe, who fain
" Would bolt from their restraint, and swerve
" A separate course. '*Soho!*' Sir Pat we've found!'
" And now against your foul-stern'd cross-bred dun,
" My snowe-white *Hélen* will I backe for *speede*,
" Or the *first-turne*, or through the lengthen'd course,
" With all the ducattes my poore purse commandes!"

Page 184.—Genuine.

HUNDRED AND SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCVIII.—Mr. Robt. T—nt—n.

"To speake plainlie to you, and not after the manner "of the *Scribes*, the *Pharisees*, or the *Hypocrites*, these same "*Committee-men Select* do prie themselves too sedulouslie "into the secret intentions of the *faithful*. I myselfe was "placed by them into a bore * not made of *Shittim-woode*, "and there, like unto one of the *unchosen*, most familiarlie "interrogated on pointes of political faith, to which no "Christian man endowed with saveing knowledge could "in prudence make replie. Trulie, Sirs, if the consciences "of the Elect are to be thus thrown into one common "purgatorie with those of ordinarie transgressors, it will "become difficult hereafter to distinguish betwixt *Sainte*, "and *Sinner!*"

Page 385.—*Not* Genuine.

* *A place elevated for the more open examination of witnesses on suspicious matters in Senatorial Elections.*—Malone.

CCCCIX.—Countess C—yng—m.

——— " What mortalle man
" In visionarie transporte could behold
" A fairer being by his fancie form'd ?—
" At *Gallia*'s bloode-stain'd Courte, I saw her move
" Love's second Goddesse in such spell-full guise,
" That he who an affrighted world enslaves
" Bent captive at her feete ! Oh ! had she known
" The power of her charmes, she might have sway'd
" The way-ward tyrante to her wille, and smil'd
" The worlde againe to peace !"

Page 203.—Genuine.

CCCCX.—Sir John P—rs.

——"No sooner had I made perambulation of *Man's* "*Isle* with right valorous celebritie, than my warme ima- "gination be-stirred itselfe, to trie how far the *Continent* of "the female worlde might with safetie be explored. In "this research faire Arabella cross'd my roveing view, "of whose glowing charmes I thought to take an hastie, "and a secret sketche; but as mine evil Genius wou'd "ordaine, upon the gilded roofe of her privie chamber, a "scurvie dauber from *Salamancha* did sit perch'd; who, as "I advanced in my amorous design, took him a villainous "copie of all my warmest colouringes! On this, I was "most indecentlie arraigned on charge of *covert-acte* "against the state *connubial*, and condemned in penal "summes, too excessive for man of honour to liquidate, "or of dignitie to notice.—Thus in daies of yore, was a "proud Venetian of *Virtu* amerced by a tyranique Senate "in seven thousand ducattes ten times told, for kindlie "breathing on the precious jewelle of a noble friende, to "prove for him whether, as he supposed, it was without "flawe, or blemishe!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

HUNDRED AND THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCXI.—Sir John Anst—r.

"I cross'd a lean, and warie *Scotte* upon the sultrie "coaste of *Malabarre*, seeking for gold duste with an "eager eye. In his *left* hande he bore a paire of scales "most dexterouslie poised, like unto those which do be-"deck the dexter arme of *Justice*. Marry, quoth I, if men "in everie clime become sole *Judges* of their actions, why "not weigh out their own deservinges by poundes avoir-"dupoise, without tarrying untill the ballance be made to "tremble with graines, or scruples?"

Page 87.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCCXII.—Miss Georgina C—v—t—y,
(now Mrs. B—nes.)

——— " On Love's adventurous winge
" Have I not ta'en a rash, and heedlesse flighte?
" Old *Scotia*'s mountains darklie scowle around,
" And with their icicles but coldlie seale
" The transient blisse we've come so far to seeke!
" Oh! 'tis a deede that sadlie will inflame
" The noble bloode from whence Georgina sprang!
" Long from their sightlesse eyes by fate estrang'd,
" Was't not my dutie that I should remaine
" A hopeful vision floating in their minde?"

Page 294.—Genuine.

CCCCXIII.—The Rev. Earl N—ls—n.

—— "When of necessitie they transformed me into a "Lorde Temporalle of this Isle for no well doing of mine "owne, they did conspire to unfrocke me of my canoni- "calles prebendal! Not so, my Lordes, quoth I! you "may drive an Oxe from rich pasturage, and even goade "an Asse from his bunch of thistles, but you cannot prick "a true Churchman from the stalle in which he hath been "well fed. So unlesse you do force upon me a Bishop- "ricke to boote, I shall continue to chaunte a requiem for "the soul of the relative that made me, as an humble *Ab-* "*botte of Canterburie!*"

Page 507.—Genuine.

HUNDRED AND FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCXIV.—Lord Gr—nv—lle.

" Right Noble Lordes! the height of mine offence
" Hath been, that I too tolerantlie strove
" By one convenient, and dispensing faithe
" To bind in Christian politie our Isles.
" On this, sôme meddling *Hierarchists* rose,
" And on their crooked crosiers swore, that I
" By a fell rosarie's absolving beades,
" Held *Catholique* communion with the *Pope*,
" And, by my proxie kist his mystique toe!
" Then with hotte irons from their priestlie flames,
" They sear'd the tender conscience of his *Liege*,
" So that to my amazement, it became
" Insensible to every loyal touche
" Which all my arte chirurgique could essay!
" In fine, these sturdie Churchmen have prevail'd,
" And by their holie priestcrafte wrought my fall!
" So Solomon's proud *Temple* was o'erthrown
" To sette up idols made of stockes, and stones!"

Page 478.—Genuine.

CCCCXV.—Lady H—m—lt—n.

"Ah, *Blanche!* the worlde's inquisitors but little know
"of me! If I did think this deeplie wounded harte could
"beat again in sympathie with aught that wooing man
"could say, I'd tear the trait'rous inmate from its seat, a
"bleedinge sacrifice to plighted love!—Bring, girl, my
"mournful lute, that I may call his listening spirit down
"to hear those straines which he alone inspired!"

Page 564.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCCXVI.—General Kn—wles,
[*Commonly called* Earl of B—nb—ry.]

"Why, brother Soldiers, if a man in these wonder-
"workinge daies cannot *ennoble* himselfe, he is fitte onlie
"to dreame o' nights of *coronettes*, and go bare headed for
"want of one, all the daies of his lyfe! Moùlde but the
"dough of mankind to your wille, and you shall find no
"more arte required to make a modern *Lorde*, than a
"*Banburie* Cake!"

Page 308.—Genuine.

HUNDRED AND FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCCXVII.—Mr. Br—nd.

——" I saw just now a cholerique youthe running with " a *fire-brand* towards the *Capitolle!* Stay, rash boy, quoth " I, for you do bear in that left hande what may consume " our citie into ashes. Yet on with heedlesse steppe went " he, enchafinge the fierie mischief with his breath, un- " til its violence (by Providence decreed) dispers'd the " sparkes it meant not to extinguish!"

Page 456.—*Not* Genuine.

CCCCXVIII.—Hon. Mrs. D——r.

—— "Of *Parian* marble bring a massie blocke,
"And by my chisselle's wonder-working pow'r
"I'll shape with sweet and counterfeited grace
"The *Paphian Queen* so witchinglie to life,
"With all Love's sexual attractions,
"That the full pulse of him who gazes on it
"Shall rise, and beat in tumult of delighte!
"Next manhoode's bolder beauties I will trace
"And sculpture forthe, that bashful modestie
"Shall eye askance, and blushinglie proclaim,
"The fire of Nature in the worke of Arte!"

Page 546.—Genuine.

END OF VOL. IV.

H. Brown, Printer.

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ADDENDA.

DRAMA.

GREEN-ROOM SELECTIONS,

[*From the last new-discovered* Old Trunk, *containing the Posthumous Works of* SHAKESPEARE.]

I.—BY MR. KEMBLE.

" Like others of Godde's creatures, he's a man
" Of oddities compounded, fancying
" That witte can yielde, what Nature doth deny!
" It will not him suffice to read you men,
" Or bookes, as by the ordinarie mode
" Imprinted; for he'll sitte you up whole nightes
" To punctuate a petty worde awry,
" And straine a meaninge that was never meant!
" And yet, can he enacte you noble deedes
" That soone obliterate these trite defectes.
" How well dothe he assume the Chieftain's mien,
" On whose ill-fated browe misfortune lowers?
" Or him, whose deeplie lacerated pride
" Hath turn'd abhorrent from the human race,
" Pourtraying in some lineaments himselfe,
" Whose minde is prone instinctivelie to hate
" The knavish sycophancie of mankinde!"

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

II.—By Mrs. Jordan.

"Why dost thou foolishlie chew the cudde of melan-
"cholie, man, when thou mayest betake thee to yon
"boothe of comicalle enactors, and be most pleasantlie
"purged of it for half a ducatte? There mark thee well
"a sprightlie jade, who dothe turne mens hartes, until
"she gettes the best humoured side of them uppermost;
"nay, her merit halts not here, for when her mirthful
"vizard is thrown by, she wears the * veil of charitie
"with so goode a grace, that the invidious even of her
"own sexe, can scarcelie spie a blemish underneath it!"

Genuine.

* Mr. Malone has thus observed on this passage:—"This was an amiable Comic Actress in the reign of Elizabeth, not less admired for her benevolence, than her superiority in the comic art; for while the most eminent of her sisterhood attended only to self-aggrandizement, she humanely lent the aid of her fascinating talents to succour the distresses of all around her."

III.—By Mr. M—nd—n.

——"I sawe last Martinmasse, just such another odde "countenanced varlette with his huge whiskers, dauncing "a sarabande at the sign of the *Old Catte and Bagpipes* in "*Lothburie!* The knave, with follies enough of his owne, "could give you the counterfeit resemblance of all those "appertaining to other men, having been a skip-jacke in "divers comical professions, from a mender of mouse-"trappes up to his present vocation. In the downie daies "of his youthe, he was a plucker of pen-feathers to a "Poulterer in *Leadenhall*, and there stripped he the winges "of tame grey-geese sufficient to endow him to become "scrivener to a lean lawyer, and to engrosse his deedes "of darknesse in black letter; but finding it not so plea-"sant to play the rogue as the foole, now goes he about "from tythinge to tythinge, and makes brave earninges by "letting out wry faces to full-mouth'd visitors, who can "swallowe nothing but on the broad grinne!"

Page 486.—Genuine.

IV.—Mrs. S—dd—ns.

—— "Stoppe here my Lordes awhile,
"And viewe this tragique paragonne passe by,
"Who, rob'd in all the counterfeites of woe,
"Deludes the noblest passions of the minde.
"Mark well those features to her purpose form'd
"And supernaturallie so combin'd,
"That by their piteous workinges on the soul,
"They do betray it to the verge of madnesse!
"Griefe sittes so wildlie picted on her browe,
"That she seemes agoniz'd until she plead
"In Charitie's deserted cause, and save
"The remnant of some haplesse race from ruin!
"Strange, how the wiles of this resistlesse arte
"Should guise her mimick semblances so well,
"That she can drawe from everie gazer's eye
"The tear of pitie, which she never sheddes!"

Page 133.—Genuine.

V.—By Mr. J. B—nn—st—r.

"Thou sayest trulie, *Goodman Spadro!*—Nature doth "not mould us such comical wagges everie day in the "yeare.—Marry, but it doth require something more "than an ordinarie-witted fellowe, to plaie the foole to "his own profittinge, and stille keepe a goode humoured "worlde his debitor! Marvel thee not, man, for he hath "endowed himselfe with qualities sufficient to enacte the "parte of a wise man *sans* imitation. When the merrie "rogue is pleased to throw his dark eyes incontinentlie "around him, if you had nine pair of sides, he would "shake them all with laughter!—No varietie hath a "voice that he cannot purloine—nor a face that he will "not borrowe, and humourouslie wear it over his owne! "nay, I have known him to ape a *Jewe* so well, that you "would swear he did not possess one Christian virtue by "natural inheritance; and yet no sooner doffs he his arti-"ficialle doublette, than he hies him to his own fire side, "and there performes those partes * which enactinge can-"not counterfeit!"

Page 597.—Genuine.

* This passage is supposed to allude to an Actor of those times, who rendered himself rather singular in his profession, by paying a moral regard to the relative duttes of a husband—a father—and a friend! Malone.

VI.—By Miss Br—nt—n.

——"I dreamt last nighte, that o'er my virgin browe,
" In magical suspence, a *crownette* hung,
" Courting my busie hande to pluck it downe!
" It was with saphires, and with rubies deckt,
" And intermixt with emeraldes so bright,
" That it did lure my sillie fancie on;
" Till by a purer light I spied therein
" A pointed thorne in ermin'd ambushe lie!
" At sight of this, with sudden start I woke,
" When the delusion vanisht with the dreame,
" And left my little, vaine, aspiring harte
" To sigh itselfe again to calme repose!"

Page 248.—Genuine.

VII.—By Mr. El—st—n.

"In veritie, his talents like me more than passinge "well; for he doth wear, and shifte his masque with so "adroite a skille, that he can give men better semblances "of what is fraile, or perfect in their nature, than most "of his compeers have ev'n the witte to dreame of! I "have seen him enacte the Mad Lover with so amorous "a phrenzie, that you would sweare the fellow had lost "the whole of his seven senses in a lascivious rencontre "about the hemminge of an under petticoate! Marry "but he can traine you a Ladie Bryde in the well-feigned "schoole of adversitie better than any man John of them, "and tame a young shrewe i' the budde, by bending her "to a right obedient wyfe, before the honie moone be- "waned! Then will he restore her to the honours of his "House with so high a grace, that he doth make it ques- "tionable by his pourtraying arte, whether his Prince, or "Peasante be the nobler man!"

Page 472.—*Not* Genuine.

VIII.—By Mrs. Henry J—nst—n.

——" Borne (when an infant grace) on flying steede,
" I've seen her vaulted from her father's arme,
" Like a sweete cherubbe coursing through the air,
" Portentous of her fame.—Behold her near;
" 'Tis not a fancied form of lovelinesse,
" Or charmes by scenic artifice array'd
" To cheate men into adoration;
" But that unveil'd presentment of herselfe,
" Which women envie, and mankind adore!
" Who then can marvelle, if, at times be seen
" A troope of suitors in her 'witching traine,
" Each by some wilie arte intent to drawe
" One sigh from her, to fanne his fonde desire?"

Page 468.—Genuine.

THE END.

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H. Brown, Printer.